

# Lady ISABELLA's Tragedy ;

## Or, The Step-Mother's Cruelty.

*Tune of The Lady's Fall.*



There was a lord of worthy fame.  
And a hunting he would ride,  
Attended with a noble train  
Of gentry by his side.  
And whilst he did in chase remain,  
To see both sport and play.  
His lady went, as she did feign,  
Unto the church to pray.  
This lord he had a daughter fair,  
Whose beauty shone so bright.  
She was belov'd both far and near  
Of every lord and knight,  
Fair Isabella was she call'd,  
A creature fair was she.  
She was her father's only joy,  
As after you shall see ;  
But yet her cruel stepmother  
Did envy her so much,

That day by day she sought her life,  
Her malice it was such.  
She bargain'd with the master cook  
To take her life away ;  
And calling of her daughter dear,  
She thus to her did say :  
Go home, sweet Daughter, I thee pray,  
Go hasten presently,  
And tell unto the master-cook  
These words which I tell thee.  
Go bid him dress for dinner strait  
The fair and milk-white doe,  
That in the park doth shine so bright,  
There's none so fair a shew.  
This lady fearing of no harm.  
Obey'd her mother's will,  
And presently she hasted home,  
Her mind for to fulfil

She strait into the kitchen went,  
Her message for to tell.  
And there she spy'd the master cook,  
Who did with malice swell.  
Now master cook, it must be so,  
Do that which I thee tell ;  
You needs must dress the milk-white doe,  
Which you do know full well.  
Then strait his cruel bloody hands  
He on the lady laid,  
Who quivering and shaking stands,  
While thus to her he said,  
Thou art the doe that I must dress,  
See here, behold the knife ;  
For it is pointed presently  
To rid thee of thy life.  
O ! then cries out the scullion boy,  
As loud as loud might be,  
O save her life, good master-cook,  
And make your pies of me.  
For Heav'n's sake do not murder  
My mistress with that knife ;  
You know she is her father's pride.  
For Christ's sake save her life.  
I will not save her life, said he,  
Nor make the pies of thee,  
Yet if thou dost this deed betray,  
Thy butcher I will be.  
Now when the lord did come home,  
For to sit down to eat.  
He called for his daughter dear,  
To come and carve his meat.  
Into some nunnery she is gone,  
Your daughter dear forget.  
Then solemnly he made a vow,  
Before the company,  
That he would neither eat or drink,  
Before he did her see.  
O then bespoke the scullion boy,  
With a voice so loud and high,  
If that you would your daughter see,  
Good sir, cut up the pie,  
Wherein her flesh is minced small,  
And parched with the fire ;  
All caused by her step-mother,  
Who did her death desire.

And cursed be the master-cook  
O cursed may he be !  
I proffer'd him my own heart's blood  
From death to set her free.  
Then all in black the lord did mourn,  
And for his daughter's sake.  
He judg'd then the step-mother  
To be burnt at a stake ;  
Likewise he judg'd the master-cook  
In boiling oil to stand.  
And made the simple scullion boy  
The heir of all his land.

### *Their Lamentation.*

NOW when the wicked master-cook  
Beheld his death draw near,  
And that by friends he was forsook,  
He pour'd forth many a tear.  
Saying, The lady whom I serv'd  
Prompted me to this deed ;  
And as a death I have deserv'd  
Is coming on with speed,  
I must confess these hands of mine  
Did kill the innocent :  
When her dear breath she did resign,  
My heart did not relent.  
This said, Into the boiling oil  
He then was forthwith cast.  
And then, within a little time,  
The mother went at last,  
From prison to the burning stake,  
And as she pass'd along,  
She did sad lamentation make,  
Unto the numerous throng.  
These were the self same words she said :  
The daughter of my lord  
I doom'd to death, the laws I broke,  
And shall have my reward.  
Then to the burning stake they ty'd  
The worst of all step-dames,  
Where she, according to the law,  
Did perish in the flames,  
Now let their deaths a warning be  
To all that hear this song.  
And thus I end my Tragedy,  
The duke he mourned long.

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